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RE-APPEARANCES.

EVERYWHERE out of London, and perhaps there too, permanent settler, who walks a good deal abroad, is sure to become familiar with the external aspect of a vast number of individuals, of whom he never learns anything else. Some he regularly meets every day for twenty-five years, at a particular part of a particular street, as he walks after breakfast to his place of business, they having to walk also to a place of business exactly at the same hour. Some he meets, with equal regularity, as he returns to dinner, they having to walk for the same object in a different direction. Others he never sees, unless he chances to be abroad in the evening, they having apparently no other time for meeting and airing themselves. Some appear not but on Saturday afternoons, that being the only holiday time they have during the week. From so frequently meeting these individuals, he is as familiar with every peculiarity of their appearance as if they were his brothers; he sees that they know him equally well; and it is with great difficulty that the parties can abstain from giving each other the formal salutation which custom requires among friends. But though no object can be more familiar or recognisable when it appears, one is not apt to keep it in mind when it is out of sight. Many, therefore, of these individuals cease to cross our path, without our remarking the fact. In the multitude and whirl of figures, they are not missed. They perhaps change their hours or their residence, and still, like invisible eclipses, could be seen if we were in the necessary position; or there may be other causes for their disappearance; but whatever be the cause, they are simply seen and thought of no more.

It often happens that, after long years, such individuals re-appear. Suddenly they come before us again the same, and yet not the same. In the calm depths of a mountain brook, two pebbles may lie together for a whole summer, unchanged by the easy passage of the quiet waters. But let the winter send down its currents, and let the two pebbles be rolled and dashed along the precipitous channel, and let them meet again at summer; what a difference will there be in their respective forms! So two human beings, hurried along through the rub and tear of life, seem changed each other when they again meet. Your unknown and has perhaps been unfortunate. The fresh and cheerful look he had in former years, when he every morning went forth in hope and vigour to attend to his affairs, is now supplanted by the worn and dejected aspect of poverty. Ashamed of the change, even because one who never knew anything of him but his external appearance, he hurriedly withdraws his eye from the strangers, and seeks to pass unnoticed. It is not in the changes of former meetings, that these encounters are to take place. It is when accidentally drawn to the remote and obscure suburb, that you are most likely to light upon the lost figures of past years. A beggar, gliding into a squalid alley, or skulking by night beneath the light of a dismal street lamp, betrays some element which instantly awakens the long-deceased memory of a figure to which it belonged—a figure in every respect different, and seen under entirely different circumstances, but yet, you do not for a moment doubt, the same with that which has just re-appeared. And what a tale of the interval is told by the change—the blight of long-cherished hopes, the rack, the woe of a falling from place, the frequent struggles and hardships, the dispersion of a hurry-struck and heart-broken family, all the miseries that must have been endured ere so great an external change could be accomplished upon the figure of a hearty and hopeful man! The figure passes in a moment from your view; but in that moment, you

knew all. In that glimpse of a changed form, as in the lachrymatory of the Grecian widow, you could read and comprehend the whole amount of a long tale of grief.

There is an entirely opposite but equally affecting class of circumstances under which re-appearances sometimes take place. In the course of a summer walk in some promenade which you are not accustomed to frequent, you meet a figure erewhile familiar, but long lost sight of, and now changed by sickness or natural decay. A frame which you had seen day by day for a long course of years, and always in so vigorous a state that advancing age seemed to make no impression on it, is here found reduced to almost helpless weakness, probably by some severe kind of illness, which can only be alleviated or delayed, but scarcely cured. One or more recreant limbs are swathed in flannel; the clothes hang loose around the body; the eye looks strange and half-unmeaning; and the slow tottering steps are supported by some young person, more probably of the female than the male sex, to whose care he has been consigned, or left by friends otherwise engaged. The fresh unwontedness of the attire shows that the fineness of the day has tempted him out for the first time these many weeks—perhaps for a whole year, or for years. He has come to take a farewell of nature, before shutting his eyes upon it for ever. And yet he seems scarcely conscious of any object or purpose whatever. But for the supplementary mind of his attendant, he would evidently know not the path he is treading. The change in this case also tells its own tale. We see, in a moment, the whole train of dismal circumstances which have been passed since last our eye fell upon this familiar form, long remarked as one of the most active and sprightly, as it is now one of the most torpid and death-stricken. The figure passes, and we breathe it such a farewell as we utter to a dying friend, for we know that we shall never see it again.

There are re-appearances less calculated to draw upon the deeper feelings, and yet not without their own claim to interest. How often, for instance, do we lose sight of some youth whose figure had become known to us, and, after a long interval, see it once more mingling in the city throng, advanced to its prime, equally alert and more vigorous than before, and bearing all the marks of a great improvement in external circumstances! In such a case, though we know no particulars, we can experience a moment's joy in reflecting, that here is at least one fortunate and probably happy human being, and one, too, whose happiness has probably given happiness to others. Should the change have been in the contrary direction, and a youth who sank from sight in good circumstances, should re-appear in the habiliments of sorrow and misfortune, the strangely varying and uncertain course of all things human will not be less touchingly brought before us.

Re-appearances are very apt to occur to the eyes of a dweller in cities who has occasion to go for a few days into the country. In some retired rural town or village, meanly dressed and abandoned to sloth, with or without an ostensible profession, he is surprised to find some one who, a few years ago, formed one of the most conspicuous and impressive members of the city population. He is one of those whom the city sheds off annually, as deficient in the resources, pecuniary or mental, self-denial, or strength of purpose, which it requires in those who are to have a permanent footing in it—or perhaps some poor prodigal, who has here been pensioned out of the way by friends whom his presence shamed. As you approach, he turns aside into some humble doorway, for he has still so much

delicacy left as to dread being recognised by one who knew him in better days.

The changes "which fleeting time procureth" are not less strikingly marked upon the gentler sex. Of all city figures, the most universally known is the reigning beauty. During her brief period of supremacy, she is at every public place—rides, drives, or walks every where. She is therefore distinguished in the eyes of the lowest and the highest; the steeple of the principal church, or any other object time out of mind established in the centre of the city, cannot be more familiar than her face and figure. After a while, she ceases to appear. She has gone elsewhere—is married—or somehow has been taken off. How strange, as years roll on, to recognise, in some sober form, which passes noticeably along, the bright and gay being who once charmed all eyes with her passing loveliness! Perhaps she is still a maiden, but, satisfied of admiration, is now content to veil her beauty more thickly from the gaze of men than it was a few years ago. Perhaps, a happy matron, she leads a troop of merry children, who, nevertheless, like notches in the post of Robinson Crusoe, tell how many years have run since she last appeared on our streets. Or, possibly, she is now a saddened and drooping widow, mourning both the loss of beauty, and of him on whom it was bestowed. In whatever event, there is still before us one who once was very different—one who, when what she *was*, scarcely could dream of being what she *is*—and who, while absent from our careless and unremembering notice, must have been undergoing some of the many various accidents of good and evil which all are liable to undergo. If, in this interval, she had been altogether removed from the present sphere of mingled joy and sorrow, never should we have remarked that the beauteous and happy creature, who adorned the scene a few years before, had ceased to be; if by any chance recalled to mind, she would have been thought of as still blooming in the pride of singular beauty—with us she would have been reigning still. But, when she re-appears on the very arena of her former triumphs, and proves herself *changed*, the momentary emotion which she excites before other objects chase her out of view, is one from a deeper part of our sentimental nature.

There are veins of finest poetry, gentle reader, in the mass of daily life; and these, we think, "be of them."

STEAM EXPLOSIONS.

EXPLOSIONS of the boilers of steam-vessels are of much more frequent occurrence in the United States of America, than in any other part of the world, and the loss of life from that cause is consequently greater. One cause of the explosion of boilers, is their being made of cast-iron, instead of plates of malleable iron bound together by rivets; a practice arising from the comparatively low price of cast-metal, and which is very properly disallowed in this country. When cast-iron boilers are used, they are unable to bear the pressure of the steam from within, unless very great care is taken to give relief by means of safety-valves. Even these outlets for the redundant steam are found to prove unavailing, when the engines are constructed on the high-pressure principle. This we shall explain.

There are two distinct kinds of steam-engines, namely, high-pressure, or non-condensing; and low-pressure, or condensing. The high-pressure engine is of very simple construction. The steam, generated in a boiler, rushes through a tube to the cylinder of the engine. It enters the cylinder at two openings, one at the bottom and the other at the top. The steam which enters by the lower opening drives up the piston to the top, whence it is driven down again to the bottom by the steam which enters at the upper opening. An external rod, from the piston, thus driven up and down, as every one knows, moves the machinery.

The force exerted in the cylinder of this kind of engine, it will be observed, is steam working against steam. The steam in either end, on being driven out, escapes into a waste pipe, which conveys it into the atmosphere, where it appears in puffs of vapour. The degree of force required to be exerted to drive the steam out, is considerable. The weight of the atmosphere upon every square inch of surface of our earth is fourteen pounds; this weight, therefore, which presses upon the spare steam in its progress outwards, must be overcome. This is accomplished by raising the pressure of the steam in the boiler to about twenty-eight pounds on the square inch—one-half of which twenty-eight pounds, or fourteen pounds, is thrown away in overcoming the pressure of the air. Such is the constitution of a high-pressure engine.—Next, as to the low-pressure kind. The steam is supplied to them in the same manner as to those of the high-pressure description, but the motion is of a much more complicated nature. The force is not steam against steam, but steam against a vacuum. As soon as the steam, which rushes in at the lower opening in the cylinder, has driven the piston upwards, it is instantaneously abstracted or withdrawn into a separate vessel called the condenser, where it is condensed by a squirt of cold water, and runs off into a cistern; from which cistern the water in a warm state is pumped into the boiler to make new steam. The same process takes place with the steam which drives the piston downwards. The abstraction of the steam into the condenser is effected by an air-pump (wrought by the engine), which, at the proper nick of time, sucks out the steam from the cylinder, and leaves a perfect vacuum. As this vacuum presents no obstacle to the action of the piston, the steam which rushes in, requires to be of comparatively small force. Not having the weight of the atmosphere to overcome, the pressure of the steam in the boiler may be kept at fourteen pounds instead of twenty-eight pounds on the square inch. Such, then, is the low-pressure steam-engine, which, from the complexity of its parts, and its tendency to go out of order, as well as the large supply of cold water constantly required to effect the condensation, costs a great deal more money, and is more expensive in working, than the high-pressure engine. In Great Britain, the small steam-engines are made chiefly on the high-pressure principle, but all large engines, including those which move vessels at sea, are of the low-pressure kind; these being not only more steady and powerful in their action, but infinitely more safe.

On a consideration of the above peculiarities in the construction of steam-engines, it will readily be perceived that a high pressure of steam on a large scale, particularly when cast-iron boilers are used, must be apt to produce extremely dangerous consequences. In order to avert as much as possible the chance of explosion, care is generally taken to lay such a weight on the safety-valves of the boiler, that they will rise and permit the escape of steam before the pressure becomes so severe as to burst the boiler. The plates of the boiler are also made so strong, that they will endure a pressure of 50 or even 100 lbs. per square inch, and this is a height to which the pressure can never come, under ordinary circumstances. Unless, however, the quantity of water in the boiler be regulated by the intensity of the fire, danger will ensue, even although the valves be open, and whatever be the strength of the boiler, in the same manner that a tea-kettle, on getting red hot from want of water, will burst if water be suddenly put into it—the steam being generated quicker than it can possibly escape. One of the most lamentable cases of explosion which ever occurred, took place from this last-mentioned cause in America, some years ago, and is thus described by a passenger who was on board at the time that the vessel blew up:—

"On the morning of the 24th of February 1830, the Helen M'Gregor steam-boat stopped at Memphis, on the Mississippi river, to deliver freight and land a number of passengers, who resided in that section of Tennessee. The time occupied in so doing could not have exceeded three quarters of an hour. When the boat landed, I went ashore to see a gentleman with whom I had some business. I found him on the beach, and after a short conversation, I returned to the boat. I recollect looking at my watch as I passed the gangway: it was half past eight o'clock. A great number of persons were standing on what is called the boiler deck, being that part of the upper deck situated immediately over the boilers. It was crowded to excess, and presented one dense mass of human bodies. In a few minutes we sat down to breakfast in the cabin. The table, although extending the whole length of the cabin, was completely filled, there being upwards of sixty cabin passengers, among whom were several ladies and children. The number of passengers on board, deck and cabin united, was between four and five hundred. I had almost finished my breakfast, when the pilot rung his bell for the engineer to put the machinery in motion. The boat having just shoved off, I was in the act of raising my cup to my lips, the tingling of the pilot bell yet on my ear, when I heard an explosion, resembling the discharge of a small piece of artillery. The report was, perhaps louder than usual in such cases; for an exclamation was half uttered by me, that the gun was well loaded, when the rushing sound of steam, and the rattling of glass in some of the cabin windows, checked my speech, and told me too well what had occurred. I almost involuntarily bent my head and body down to the floor—a vague idea seemed to shoot across my

mind that more than one boiler might burst, and that, by assuming this posture, the destroying matter would pass over without touching me.

The general cry of 'a boiler has burst!' resounded from one end of the table to the other; and as if by a simultaneous movement, all started on their feet. Then commenced a general race to the ladies' cabin, which lay more towards the stern of the boat. All regard to order or deference to sex seemed to be lost in the struggle for which should be first and farthest removed from the dreaded boilers. The danger had already passed away. I remained standing by the chair on which I had been previously sitting. Only one or two persons staid in the cabin with me. As yet, no more than half a minute had elapsed since the explosion; but, in that brief space, how had the scene changed! In that 'drop of time,' what confusion, distress, and dismay! An instant before, and all were in the quiet repose of security—another, and they were overwhelmed with alarm or consternation. It is but justice to say, that, in this scene of terror, the ladies exhibited a degree of firmness worthy of all praise. No screaming, no fainting; their fears, when uttered, were not for themselves, but for their husbands and children.

I advanced from my position to one of the cabins, for the purpose of inquiring who were injured, when, just as I reached it, a man entered at the opposite end, both his hands covering his face, and exclaiming, 'Oh, God! oh, God! I am ruined!' He immediately began to tear off his clothes. When stripped, he presented a most shocking spectacle; his face was entirely black—his body without a particle of skin. He had been flayed alive. He gave me his name and place of abode, then sunk in a state of exhaustion and agony on the floor. I assisted in placing him on a mattress taken from one of the berths, and covered him with blankets. He complained of heat and cold as at once oppressing him. He bore his torments with manly fortitude, yet a convulsive shriek would occasionally burst from him. His wife, his children, were his constant theme—it was hard to die without seeing them—'it was hard to go without bidding them one farewell.' Oil and cotton were applied to his wounds, but he soon became insensible to earthly misery. Before I had done attending to him, the whole floor of the cabin was covered with unfortunate sufferers. Some bore up under the horrors of their situation with a degree of resolution amounting to heroism. Others were wholly overcome by the sense of pain, the suddenness of the disaster, and the near approach of death. Some implored us, as an act of humanity, to complete the work of destruction, and free them from present suffering.

To add to the confusion, persons were every moment running about to learn the fate of their friends and relatives—fathers, sons, brothers—for in this scene of unmix'd calamity, it was impossible to say who were saved, or who had perished. The countenances of many were so much disfigured as to be past recognition. My attention, after some time, was particularly drawn towards a poor fellow, who lay unnoticed on the floor, without uttering a single word of complaint. He was at a little distance removed from the rest. He was not much scalded; but one of his thighs was broken, and a principal artery had been severed, from which the blood was gushing rapidly. He betrayed no displeasure at the apparent neglect with which he was treated—he was perfectly calm. I spoke to him: he said 'he was very weak, but felt himself going—it would soon be over.' A gentleman ran for one of the physicians. He came, and declared that if expedition were used, he might be preserved by amputating the limb; but that, to effect this, it would be necessary to remove him from the boat. Unfortunately the boat was not sufficiently near to run a plank ashore. We were obliged to wait until it could be close hauled. I stood by him, calling for help. We placed him on a mattress, and bore him to the guards. There we were detained some time from the cause we have mentioned. Never did any thing appear to me so slow as the movements of those engaged in hauling the boat.

I knew, and he knew, that delay was death—that life was fast ebbing. I could not take my gaze from his face—there all was coolness and resignation. No word or gesture indicative of impatience escaped him. He perceived by my loud, and perhaps angry tone of voice, how much I was excited by what I thought the barbarous slowness of those around: he begged me not to take so much trouble—that they were doing their best. At length we got him on shore. It was too late—he was too much exhausted, and died immediately after the amputation.

As soon as I was relieved from attending on those in the cabin, I went to examine that part of the boat where the boiler had burst. It was a complete wreck—a picture of destruction. It bore ample testimony to the tremendous force of that power which the ingenuity of man had brought to his aid. The steam had given every thing a whitish hue; the boilers were displaced; the deck had fallen down; the machinery was broken and disordered. Bricks, dirt, and rubbish, were scattered about. Close by the bowsprit was a large rent, through which I was told the boiler, after exploding, had passed out, carrying one or two men in its mouth. Several dead bodies were lying around. Their fate had been an enviable one compared with that of others: they could scarcely have been conscious of a pang ere they had ceased to be. On the starboard wheel-house lay a human body, in which

life was not yet extinct, though apparently there was no sensibility remaining. The body must have been thrown from the boiler deck, a distance of thirty feet. The whole of the forehead had been blown away; the brains were still beating. Tufts of hair, shreds of clothing, and splashes of blood, might be seen in every direction. A piece of skin was picked up by a gentleman on board, which appeared to have been peeled off by the force of the steam. It extended from the middle of the arm down to the tips of the fingers, the nails adhering to it. So dreadful had been the force, that not a particle of the flesh adhered to it. The most skilful operator could scarcely have effected such a result. Several died from inhaling the steam or gas, whose skin was almost uninjured.

The number of lives lost, will in all probability never be distinctly known. Many were seen flung into the river, most of whom sunk to rise no more. Could the survivors have been kept together until the list of passengers was called, the precise loss would have been ascertained. That, however, though it had been attempted, would, under the circumstances, have been next to impossible.

Judging from the crowd which I saw on the boiler deck immediately before the explosion, and the statement which I received as to the number of those who succeeded in swimming out after they were cast into the river, I am inclined to believe that between fifty and sixty must have perished.

The cabin passengers escaped, owing to the peculiar construction of the boat. Just behind the boilers were several large iron posts, supporting, I think, the boiler deck: across each post was a large circular plate of iron, of between one and two inches in thickness. One of these posts was placed exactly opposite the head of the boiler which burst, being the second one on the starboard side. Against this plate the head struck, and penetrated to the depth of an inch; then broke, and flew off at an angle, entering a cotton bale to the depth of a foot. The boiler-head was in point-blank range with the breakfast table in the cabin; and had it not been obstructed by the iron post, it must have made a clear sweep of those who were seated at the table.

To render any satisfactory account of the cause which produced the explosion, can hardly be expected from one who possesses no scientific or practical knowledge on the subject, and who previously thereto was paying no attention to the management of the boat. The captain appeared to be very active and diligent in attending to his duty. He was on the boiler deck when the explosion occurred, was materially injured by that event, and must have been ignorant of the mismanagement, if any there were.

From the engineer alone could the true explanation be afforded; and, if indeed it was really attributable to negligence, it can scarcely be supposed he will lay the blame on himself. If I might venture a suggestion in relation thereto, I would assign the following causes:—That the water in the starboard boilers had become low, in consequence of that side of the boat resting upon the ground during our stay at Memphis; that, though the fires were kept up for some time before we shoved off, the head which burst had been cracked for a considerable time; that the boiler was extremely heated, and the water, thrown in when the boat was again in motion, was at once converted into steam; and the flues not being sufficiently large to carry it off as soon as it was generated, nor the boiler head of a strength capable of resisting its action, the explosion was a natural result."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

MADAME DE STAEL.

THIS celebrated woman, whose maiden name was Anna Louisa Germaine Necker, was born in Switzerland, in the year 1766, and was the daughter of the Genevise banker, M. Necker, a man of distinguished parts, and afterwards famous for the high position he occupied in France, being elevated, on account of his financial ability, to the ministry of that department in 1777. During the greater part of the interval between his daughter's birth and that period, she resided in her native country; and, having the good fortune to have a woman of talents for her mother, she was early trained to studious and literary habits. The effects of this became strikingly conspicuous on the settlement of the family in Paris. M. Necker was then the most important person in the government of France, and this elevated position brought him into close connection with all the most noted characters of the day. To the society of literary personages, in particular, his lady and himself were strongly attached; and Marmontel, Raynal, Thomas, and Grimm, with many other celebrated writers of the time, were the daily visitors and intimate friends of the family.

The talents of Mademoiselle Necker, diligently cultivated, as they were, from her very infancy, sprung rapidly to maturity in so congenial a soil as she was now introduced to. At the age of ten or eleven years, indeed, she was in a measure regarded as a prodigy, and, but for the remarkable strength of mind which even then distinguished her, she might have been

spoiled, the fate of most precocious geniuses. About the time of life we have mentioned, her usual practice was to take her place in the drawing-room at her mother's knee. By and bye, Marmontel, or some other wit, would drop in, and, stepping up to the little lady's seat, would enter into animated and sensible converse with her, as with a brother or sister wit of full age. At table she listened with delight to all that fell from the talented guests, and learned incredibly soon to bear a part in their discussions. To this early initiation, no doubt, her unequalled conversational powers in after-life were owing.

It is curious that her father, whom she loved and venerated almost to excess, had a dislike to female writers, and prohibited his wife from indulging in the use of her pen, for the seemingly petty reason that it would distress him to disturb her on entering her chamber. Her filial affection, however, and obedience, great as they were, were totally unequal to the suppression of the passion for writing in his young daughter. Baron Grimm, in his *Memoirs*, mentions that Mademoiselle Necker, at the age of twelve years, amused herself by writing little comedies after the manner of M. de Saint Mark. The scenes of one of these dramas, he says, were so ably written and well connected together, that Marmontel, on seeing it performed by the author and some of her young companions at Saint Owen, Necker's country seat, was affected even to tears. From this open performance of her dramas, we may gather that the success of our heroine's compositions had, even thus early, overcome her father's objections. In her fifteenth year, she wrote an abstract of Montesquieu's *Spirit of the Laws*, which shows that at this time her avocations were not entirely histrionic. Her first published works were three plays—*Sophia*, a comedy, and *Lady Jane Grey*, and *Montmorency*, tragedies. These were given to the world in 1786, and in the same year she was married to the Baron de Stael Holstein, ambassador from Sweden to France. This was not a marriage of affection, and Madame Necker has been blamed for hurrying her daughter into a union with a man much older than herself, and when her affections were known to be engaged to another. A desire to secure to her daughter a husband of the Protestant persuasion, is assigned as the reason for Madame Necker's conduct.

Madame de Stael (which contraction of her husband's name she bore through life) did not arrest public attention by her dramas. Her *Letters upon Rousseau* had a different fate; they attracted notice at once, and are still popular with all who endeavour to fathom the extraordinary character who was their subject. Great events, however, in which, from her father's situation, she was necessarily deeply implicated, were now at hand. In 1787, the revolutionary ferment in France first assumed an open and formidable front. It was impossible that a mind like Madame de Stael's could have looked, so closely as she was enabled to do, upon the political affairs of that country, without forming strong opinions, and imbuing a deep interest. The period, too, was one in which many women of brilliant talents flourished in France, and exercised a powerful influence on its destinies; when they were consulted in the management of public affairs, and interfered, by speech and pen, in support of the doctrines to which they were attached. Of all her father's maxims of political economy, she was a strenuous and conscientious advocate. It may be conceived, then, with what concern, both in a public and private point of view, M. Necker's banishment, in 1787, affected her, and how joyously she shared in the triumph of his recall in the following year. The gratification was short-lived. Within a very short time, she saw her father again necessitated to withdraw from the helm of public affairs. After his departure, the revolutionary storm rapidly increased in violence, and Madame de Stael beheld with grief the monarchy tottering to its fall. With a degree of courage that redounds to her honour, she issued, in the very height of Robespierre's power, a powerful and eloquent defence of the queen, from whom, it should be remembered, she had always experienced aversion rather than favour. This publication probably would have sealed Madame de Stael's fate, had she not escaped the clutches of the assassins, almost accidentally, on the night of the 2d of September, up till which period she had lingered in Paris, unwilling to leave her friends in danger. She was for a period detained by the agents of the Jacobins, but made her way at last from the scene of bloodshed. Her father's house in Switzerland was the place of refuge which received her.

In 1795, the French republic was recognised by Sweden, and Madame de Stael, in that year, left her retirement, and returned to Paris with her husband, who was again appointed ambassador. Our heroine had not spent her hours of retirement in idleness, as appeared by the publication, in 1796, of her work on the *Influence of the Passions on Individual and National Happiness*. Before this, however, she had recorded her views respecting the condition of France, in two political pamphlets upon peace, general and internal. A circumstance connected with the history of an eminent living character shows the influence she had acquired over the leading men shortly after her return to Paris. Talleyrand came home in the end of 1795, from his American exile. By her influence with Barras and his colleagues in the Directory, Ma-

dame de Stael procured for Talleyrand the appointment of foreign minister.

Madame de Stael's work on the *Passions* was peculiarly calculated to attract the admiration of a nation like the French. The views it contained were lively, striking, and enlightened, but it was deficient in the subdued, practical wisdom, and sustained depth, of her later philosophical writings. As it was, it placed her on the very pinnacle of female Parisian society; an elevation which her powers of conversation, now progressing to maturity, enabled her with ease to maintain. In the year 1797, she saw, for the first time, the man whose enmity was destined to embitter her future life. Bonaparte had then returned to Paris, after the conclusion of the peace of Campo-Formio. Madame de Stael, like others, was dazzled by the brilliancy of his reputation, and it is undeniable that she at first courted his friendship. Her views in doing this were, to secure his aid, if possible, in establishing the independence of her native Switzerland. From the very outset, however, they found themselves unsuited to each other. Bonaparte has said, that she took a dislike to him on account of an answer made by him to a question of hers, as to "what sort of woman deserved most—which was the most meritorious member of society?" "She who bears most children," madame," was the reply. Madame de Stael denies that the conversation, as stated here, ever took place, and that, even had it been so, she could not have taken offence.

The Baron de Stael died in 1798, leaving his widow with two children, a son and daughter. He had been lavish in his habits, and having a mind incapable of appreciating the talents of his wife, their union altogether had been marked by mutual coldness, if not disagreement. At the time of his death, he was on his way, in company with Madame de Stael, to her father's house at Coppet, whither she hastened on hearing of the danger impending over Switzerland from the French armies. When Geneva was incorporated with France, she returned with equal haste to Paris, to cause Necker's name to be struck from the list of emigrants. Her father's future peace seemed thus in some measure assured; but he fell into an error some time afterwards, which was the ostensible cause of overturning his daughter's happiness. Bonaparte, before his passage of the Great St Bernard, visited Coppet, and spoke with some freedom, respecting his future views, to the ex-minister of finance. Necker was injudicious enough, in a work issued in 1802, to tell the world that the First Consul intended to re-establish a monarchy in France. Napoleon had no wish to see his plans thus prematurely laid bare, and he sent a haughty message to Necker not to meddle with public affairs. It is a point not clearly ascertained, whether or not Bonaparte's anger at this transaction was the real cause of his violent conduct to Madame de Stael. The true reason, some have surmised, was his fear of her influence, and her clear and enlightened understanding in thwarting his ambitious plans. Whatever may be the truth of the matter, at this same period he accused her of sending information to her father, injurious to the French government, and banished her from Paris. She went to her father at Coppet.

It may save future allusions to Bonaparte's reasons for his continued oppressions of Madame de Stael after this time, if we now shortly advert to his own explanation of the point. He averred at St Helena, that the lady, in season and out of season, in spite of all warnings of a gentle nature, made himself and his acts the subject of incessant sarcasm and unrelenting hostility; that she raised coteries and clubs against him; and, in short, that her interminable and injudicious babbling was dangerous to him, and caused all her own misfortunes. The observant reader will see that there are two sides of this matter, as of every other; and that what Napoleon termed babbling, might be but the free thoughts of a clear-headed and independent-minded woman.

Madame de Stael's literary fame, meanwhile, was widely increasing. In the very year of her banishment, two of her most celebrated works issued from the press at Paris; namely, her *Considerations on the Influence of Literature on Society*, and her romance of *Delphine*. The first of these publications is an attempt which might well have daunted the most masculine mind of this or any age; and the success with which it has been executed by a woman, confers immortal lustre on the sex. From the early days of learning and science in Greece, she has traced the progress and effects of literature through all times and countries, and has laid bare the causes of national peculiarities of taste and thought in a manner singularly luminous and comprehensive, and with a generalising spirit of philosophy equal at all times to the magnitude of the subject. The task required the learning of a Gibbon, and a Gibbon's research. Yet this work was not fully appreciated, till her novels brought its author into the notice of Europe. Of *Delphine*, the first of these, it is hard to say whether it has received most praise or censure. The story charmed every one, but it has been condemned as injurious in its moral tendency. The author, in a distinct essay, denied the justice of the accusation, and defended her work. Into this point we shall not enter, though we cannot help expressing our opinion that the censure was not altogether unmerited.

In 1803, Madame de Stael visited Germany, and had the misfortune to lose her beloved father before she could return to Coppet. At that place she re-

mained for the next two years, and in 1805 she published Necker's *Manuscript Romains*, with a *Life* prefixed to them. At this time she appears to have been in a state of the utmost mental depression. Her father's death, and her exile from Paris, the place she loved above all others, weighed heavily upon her. She went to Italy in hopes of dispelling her grief; and when there, an intimate friendship sprang up between her and the German scholar, A. W. Schlegel, who became the inmate of her family, and superintended her son's education. The fruit of her Italian tour was the celebrated novel of "*Corinne, or Italy*." The heroine of this work, which it would be superfluous in us to praise here, is a picture, almost confessedly, of Madame de Stael herself, "as she wished to be," while the heroine of *Delphine* represents her "as she was." She resided chiefly, after the production of *Corinne* in 1807, at Coppet, yearning always for Paris and its society, and wandering sometimes on the verge of the proscribed circle, her banishment being only for forty leagues around the French capital. But she was soon to have the miseries of exile doubled to her.

She visited Germany a second time in 1810, for the purpose of collecting further materials for her great work on that country, which she had long projected. In the same year the work was prepared for publication. It was entitled *L'Allemagne, or Germany*, and consisted of a most intelligent exposition of the science, literature, arts, philosophy, and other characteristics of the Germans, the whole work being written with a high-toned feeling of independence, quite at variance with the deadening political influence of the French emperor. No sooner had the work been announced as being ready, than Bonaparte, then all-powerful, ordered Savary, the police minister, to seize the whole impression, which he immediately did. Not content with this, Bonaparte exiled the authoress from France, and ordered Schlegel to leave Coppet and return to Germany. Scarcely a shadow of excuse did the emperor deign to give for all this. Nor was this all. Madame Recamier, and M. de Montmorency, for merely visiting her, received sentence of banishment. Spies were set to observe her every motion, till at last Madame de Stael resolved upon flight. A new marriage, with M. de Rocca, a retired French officer, resident at Geneva, gave her a protector and companion, and, in the spring of 1812, she fled to Vienna. From this she went to Moscow, and when the French army arrived in that city, removed to St Petersburg, and in the autumn of the same year, to Stockholm. Here was published her work on *Suicide*, a production which, more than any other composition of hers, entitles us to form a high estimate of the author's moral and religious sentiments. In the beginning of the ensuing year, she passed over to England, and was entertained by the British in a very flattering manner. Her most intimate friend here was the late Sir James Mackintosh, a man possessed of a mind not dissimilar to her own. Her conversational talents were the parts of her character which attracted admiration in London, as they did every where else.

Madame de Stael published her "*Ten Tears of Exile*" in 1814, and on returning to France, was received with honour by the allied princes. The return of her great enemy from Elba drove her again to Coppet, but on his second overthrow she went back, never again to leave it by the command of any ruler. Of her pleasure on this occasion, the reader can scarcely judge, for we have not dwelt on all the miseries of her exile. Her books were purposely published in a mutilated condition in her absence, and every annoyance given to her that could be invented. Napoleon, besides, not only disregarded all her requests, made by her son and others, for the repeal of her banishment, but kept from her most ungenerously the sum of two millions of francs, which Necker was acknowledged to have left in the treasury, and which Louis paid at once on his restoration.

The only work of consequence, and by many critics conceived to be her greatest, which she gave to the world after this period, was her "*Reflections on the French Revolution*." We have said little respecting her *Germany*, and we may give a summary of the merits of the latter work, which applies with all its force to her view of the revolution. This summary is from an able paper in the *Edinburgh Review*:—"Thus terminates a work, which, for variety of knowledge, flexibility of power, elevation of view, and comprehension of mind, is unequalled among the works of women; and which, in the union of the graces of society and literature with the genius of philosophy, is not surpassed by many among those of men."

The life of Madame de Stael was spent towards its close in happiness and honour. Her daughter was united to the distinguished statesman, the Duke de Broglie, and her son exhibited in manhood such talents and virtues as could not but realise a mother's fondest wishes. In the beginning of 1817, the health of this able woman began to decline, amid projects for greater undertakings than any she had achieved. But nature failed to supply her with the necessary power. On her sickbed, she was kind, devout, and intellectual. To the last moment she retained her tranquillity. One of her expressions to a friend was, "I have been always the same, in mirth and in joy. I have loved God, my father, and liberty!" On the morn-

* Her "*Letters upon England*," and other works, subsequently amply confirmed this promise, and made his early death a subject of deep regret.

ing of July 14, 1817, the nurse asked her if she had slept. "Soundly and sweetly," was the reply.

These were the last words this gifted being ever heard to utter, her death taking place shortly after. Her remains were conveyed to the family vault at Coppet, to rest beside the bones of her father and mother.

M'CULLOCH'S STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

MR J. R. M'CULLOCH, assisted by numerous contributors, has added another elaborate work to those with which he has already favoured the public, in a *Statistical Account of the British Empire*, published (2 vols. thick 8vo; Knight, London) under the auspices of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. If this work be correctly executed, as we have every reason to expect will prove the case, its plan, matter, and manner, are such as must speedily give it a front-rank place among the best books of reference in the language. It is divided into five parts, respectively referring to (1) the Extent, Physical Circumstances, and Civil Divisions of the Empire; (2) the Population; (3) the Industry of the Empire, in the departments of Agriculture, Mines, Fisheries, Manufactures, and Commerce; (4) the Constitution and Government, Civil and Religious, of the British Empire; and (5) such miscellaneous matters as the Establishments for Education, the Revenue and Expenditure, Defence, Vital Statistics, and Provision for the Poor. Of the utility of a work in which these matters are treated in an enlightened spirit, and with full and accurate information, it is needless to speak. We shall be content to lay before our readers a passage relating to a subject on which it is of great importance, for general and individual interests, that correct notions should be entertained—the Principles of Commerce; a passage which to some will appear as trite as a thrice-told tale, but to thousands whom we address will be like light thrown in where darkness has hitherto reigned. The clearness and simplicity of Mr M'Culloch's explanations are very admirable.

"The influence of commerce upon national wealth is only indirect. Those engaged in commercial undertakings make no change in the articles they buy and sell: they merely barter one sort of produce for another; and, generally speaking, what is given is the exact equivalent of what is got. The advantage of the exchange—and it is not easy to overrate its importance—consists in its enabling those who produce the commodities or articles that form the subject-matter of commerce, to carry on their business without interruption. The intervention of merchants and dealers gives a continuous motion to the plough and the loom. They collect and distribute all sorts of commodities; they buy of the farmers and manufacturers the things they have to sell; and, bringing together every variety of useful and desirable articles in shops and warehouses, individuals are able, without difficulty or loss of time, to supply themselves with whatever they want. Were the class of dealers annihilated, that division of labour in agriculture and manufactures to which they are indebted for most part of their progress, would be wholly destroyed. The moment an individual had produced a quantity of wheat, of cloth, or of shoes, he would be obliged to abandon his peculiar occupation; and to endeavour, first, to dispose of his produce, and, next, to find out the various individuals possessed of, and willing to part with, the different articles required for his consumption. Under such circumstances, it would not be possible to confine ourselves to one employment; and every family would be obliged to undertake the manufacture of most things required for its support. All the advantages of co-operation and combination would be lost; society would be thrown back into primeval barbarism, and would not possess a tenth part of the accommodations that are now enjoyed.

But this is not all. Besides enabling individuals to add themselves, in preference, to such employments as suit their tastes or capacities, and to prosecute them without interruption, commerce gives birth to a territorial division of labour. Different countries, and different provinces of the same country, differ in situation, soil, climate, and productions: some are admirably fitted for producing corn and wool, but are without wine and silk; some have rich mines, while their cultivated lands are poor and scanty; some are overrun by forests, while others can hardly boast of a solitary tree: nor is there, in point of fact, a single country, however rich in native products, that would not, if confined to its own resources, be destitute of many articles indispensable to a comfortable existence. But, by the establishment of a free commercial intercourse, what is deficient in one district is balanced by what is superfluous in another; and an industrious nation enjoys whatever is useful, rare, or valuable, in all the countries and climates of the world. As soon as a commercial intercourse grows up, each people endeavours to avail itself of its peculiar means of production. Capital and industry are diverted, in preference, to those employments in which the physical circumstances of particular countries, or the genius of their inhabitants, especially fit them to excel; while, by exchanging such portions of their peculiar produce as exceed their own consumption for the peculiar articles raised by others, each is supplied with all that

is elsewhere obtainable: at the same time that the productive powers are stimulated to the utmost, and that the wealth of the world is immeasurably increased. It is thus, that, by distributing the various articles suitable for the comfort and accommodation of man in different and distant regions, providence has provided for their mutual dependence, and made the selfish pursuits of individuals and nations subservient to the general good.

Brief as this statement is, it is sufficient to demonstrate the impolicy of all attempts to promote commerce or industry by enactments intended to force capital into channels where it would not naturally flow. Such regulations universally proceed on mistaken principles, and are sure to be pernicious. They disturb that distribution of labour which is most consonant to the order of nature; and limit that division of employments among different individuals and countries, of which every fresh extension is sure to be advantageous. Those who maintain the policy of endeavouring, by means of legislative enactments, to give a more profitable direction to national industry than it would naturally take, assume that governments know better than their subjects what is best calculated to promote the interests of the latter. But any such assumption would be in the highest degree preposterous and absurd. 'The statesman,' says Dr Smith, 'who should attempt to direct private people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals, would not only load himself with a most unnecessary attention, but assume an authority which could safely be trusted not only to no single person, but to no council or senate whatever, and which would nowhere be so dangerous as in the hands of a man who had folly and presumption enough to fancy himself fit to exercise it.'—(*Wealth of Nations*, vol. ii. p. 280.)

The conduct of individuals in matters of this sort, may always be safely left to be determined by their own prudence and sagacity. We have the very best security—the plain and obvious interest of the parties—that they will, speaking generally, do that which is most for their own advantage; and, consequently, for that of the state of which they are subjects. Hence the policy of leaving them, in all cases, to pursue their own interest in their own way, and of interfering only when they attempt unjustly to encroach upon each other. Freedom and security are all that is necessary to stimulate industry and invention, and to ensure the most rapid advancement in the career of improvement.

When a restriction is laid on the importation of any description of commodities previously brought from abroad, their price suddenly rises, and the home producers get an advantage; but what they gain in this way is plainly at the expense of their fellow-citizens, and is, besides, of trifling importance. For, additional capital being drawn to the business, prices are very soon reduced to the level that barely affords the ordinary rate of profit. Now, it is just possible that this level may be identical with that at which prices stood previously to the restriction; but the probability is, that it will be considerably higher. If the former should happen to be the case, little, though something, will have been lost, but nothing whatever will have been gained, by the restriction. By ceasing to import from the foreigner, we must also cease exporting to him; for the exports are, in all cases, merely the equivalents of the imports. All, therefore, that will have been accomplished by this measure will be the transference of capital from one employment to another. That equality of protection to which all individuals are justly entitled, will have been encroached upon; the increase of one business will have been brought about by the depression of some other that was equally advantageous; but no addition will have been made to the capital of the country, or to the facilities for employing that capital with security and advantage.

But, in the vast majority of cases, the price of an article imported from abroad is not the same after its importation is prohibited, but is permanently raised; for, if we could previously have produced it as cheaply as foreigners, it would not have been imported. Instead of being obtainable, as before, for £1,000,000, the article will henceforth cost, perhaps, £1,200,000, or £1,500,000. And it is obvious, that the effect of this artificial increase of price on the consumers of the article is precisely the same as if, supposing the trade to have continued free, a peculiar tax of £200,000 or £500,000 a-year had been laid on them. But it will be observed, that, had such a tax been imposed, its produce would have come into the hands of government, and would have formed a portion of the national income; whereas the increased cost of the article is, under the circumstances supposed, occasioned by an increased difficulty of production, and is, therefore, of no advantage to any one.

It consequently results, that, even in those rare cases in which a restrictive regulation has no tendency to raise prices, it is hurtful, by changing the natural distribution of capital, and lessening the foreign demand for the produce of industry to the same extent that it increases the home demand. But in that incomparably more numerous class of cases in which a restriction occasions a rise in the price of the article which it affects, it is infinitely more injurious. Besides the mischief arising from varying the natural distribution of capital, and circumscribing the foreign trade of the country, such restriction imposes a heavy burden on the people, for no purpose of general or

public utility, but to produce a certain and grievous injury, by tempting individuals to withdraw from really advantageous businesses to engage in those that cannot be prosecuted without great national loss, and which must be abandoned the moment the prohibition ceases to be enforced.

'The natural advantages which one country has over another, in producing particular commodities, are sometimes so great, that it is acknowledged by all the world to be in vain to struggle with them. By means of glasses, hot-beds, and hot-walls, very good grapes can be raised in Scotland, and very good wine too can be made of them, at about thirty times the expense for which, at least, equally good can be brought from foreign countries. Would it be a reasonable law to prohibit the importation of all foreign wines, merely to encourage the making of claret and burgundy in Scotland? But if there would be a manifest absurdity in turning towards any employment thirty times more of the capital and industry of the country than would be necessary to purchase from foreign countries an equal quantity of the commodities wanted, there must be an absurdity, though not altogether so glaring, yet exactly of the same kind, in turning towards any such employment a thirtieth, or even a three-hundredth part more of either. Whether the advantages which one country has over another be natural or acquired, is, in this respect, of no consequence. As long as the one country has those advantages, and the other wants them, it will always be more advantageous for the latter nation to buy of the former than to make. It is an acquired advantage only which one artificer has over his neighbour who exercises another trade; and yet they both find it more advantageous to buy of one another, than to make what does not belong to their particular trades.'—(*Wealth of Nations*, ii. p. 283.)

These observations will probably suffice to give the reader an idea of the way in which commerce contributes to increase wealth, and of the policy that ought to be pursued with respect to it. Those who wish for further information on these points may consult the *Wealth of Nations*, the Treatise on Commerce published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and such like works."

IMITATIONS AND COINCIDENCES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

WE took some pains on a former occasion to express our reasons for the lenient feelings with which, generally speaking, we regarded the similarities, whether studied or accidental, that are observable in the writings of successive poets. On this particular point, therefore, it is unnecessary to dwell, in recurring to the same subject. This leniency, we must at the same time confess, is sorely put to the proof by the doings of some of the sons of song. Let the reader take up Lord Byron's *Werner*, and place it side by side with the *Canterbury Tale* of Krutznher, by Miss Lee, on the plot of which his lordship simply says his tragedy is "founded," and he will fully understand the trial of charity to which we allude. "Founded!" truly the noble poet would have made a famous architect—a secure one at least, for he sinks his "foundations" very deep. Whole paragraphs and speeches (we had almost said scenes) of the prose tale, are put down in the play word for word, with only a slight change in the structure of the sentences, and here and there a fresh epithet, to give a measured cadence to the language. And to so small an extent has his lordship found even these petty alterations necessary, that every one who examines the tale and tragedy together, will be surprised to find how closely good prose approaches in harmony to decent verse. For example, compare these two passages:—

LORD BYRON.

Stralenheim
Is not what you judge him, or, if so,
He owes me something both for past and present:
I saved his life, he therefore trusts in me;
He hath been plunder'd too, since he came hither;
Is sick; a stranger; and as such not now
Able to trace the villain who hath robb'd him:
I have pledged myself to do so; and the business
Which brought me here was chiefly that.

MISS LEE.

Stralenheim (said Conrad) does not appear to me altogether the man you take him for: but were it even otherwise, he owes me gratitude not only for the past, but for what he supposes to be my present employment. I saved his life, and he therefore places confidence in me. He has been robbed last night—is sick—a stranger—and in no condition to discover the villain who has plundered him: I have pledged myself to do it—and the business on which I sought the Intendant was chiefly that."

The next passage we shall quote is equally close; and it must be recollected that these quotations from the play are but parts of a whole, "founded" in a similar manner.

LORD BYRON.

Before you dare despise your father,
Learn to divine and judge his actions. Young,
Rash, new to life, and rear'd in luxury's lap,
Is it for you to measure passion's force,
Or misery's temptation? Wait—(not long,
It cometh like the Night, and quickly)—Wait!
Wait till, like me, your hopes are blighted—till
Sorrow and shame are handmaids of your cabin,
Famine and poverty your guests at table;
Despair your bed-fellow—then rise, but not
From sleep, and judge:

MISS LEE.

Before you thus presume to chastise me with your eye, learn to understand my actions! Young and inexperienced in the world—reposing hitherto in the bosom of indulgence and luxury, is it for you to judge of the force of the passions, or the temptations of misery? Wait till, like me, you have blighted your fairest hopes—have endured humiliation and sorrow—poverty and famine—before you pretend to judge of their effect on you!

We shall only quote one other little speech.

LORD BYRON.

Father, do not raise
The devil you cannot lay, between us. This
Is time for union and for action, not
For family disputes. While you were tortured,
Could I be calm? Think you that I have heard
This fellow's tale without some feeling? you
Have taught me feeling for you and myself;
For whom or what else did you ever teach it?

MISS LEE.

Beware how you rouse a devil between that neither may be able to control! We are in no temper nor season for domestic dissension. Do you suppose that while your soul has been harrowed up, mine has been unmoved? or that I have really listened to this man's story with indifference? I too can feel for myself; for what being besides did your example ever teach me to feel?

Now, we should most certainly have found no fault with his lordship for all this, had he told the world plainly how deeply he was indebted to Miss Lee. He has not done this; he has informed us that the story at an early period made a strong impression upon his mind, but he has left us to find out how very much of the language of the impressive story he had appropriated. Unfortunately, the same charge has been brought against the noble poet's sea scenes in Christian and Don Juan. A very great portion of the actual language in these pieces has been traced to various naval works, and to accounts of shipwrecks in particular. He has defended himself from these latter charges by a reference to the example of Tasso, whose description of the siege of Jerusalem was founded on the accounts of actual sieges. If Tasso received no blame, "why," says his lordship, "should I?" Tasso, however, only copied occasional incidents, and it remains to be proved that he used the scissors like the English poet, or even borrowed a single expression. We are tempted to leave the subject of Lord Byron with a simple question—what amount of detriment would his lordship's fame have suffered, had he candidly admitted, on the publication of his works, to what extent he had been indebted to the labours of others? The balance-sheet of fame, we verily believe, would have exhibited a large sum in his favour, which posterity, as it stands, will never credit him with. This is a lesson.

If we have treated this matter seriously, because it appears to us a glaring case, we now hasten to make amends by taking up lighter matters—and first of all, we shall turn to the far-famed Ossian. One of the irresistible arguments which was employed by the acute Malcolm Laing, in his demolition of Macpherson, was the detection, in the songs attributed to the son of Fingal, of many evident imitations of poets who came into the world many, many centuries after the era of Ossian. Of these imitations we shall select one or two. In the Fingal occurs the following description of one of the heroes:—"I beheld their chief, tall as a rock of ice. His spear is a blasted pine. His shield the rising moon." Every one must remember Milton's sublime picture of Satan:—

..... His ponderous shield—
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening,
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills—&c.

The copying here is unquestionable, though tolerably well concealed. We have on a former occasion shown similarities in Gray to thoughts of others; here, however, is a palpable imitation of his thoughts in turn. In the lesser poems of Ossian, we find this passage:—"Why did I not pass away in secret, like the flower of the rock that lifts its head unseen, and strews its withered leaves on the blast?" A version of

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

In another passage Comala exclaims, "Confusion pursue thee over thy plains; ruin overtake thee, thou king of the world." This is Gray again:—
Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait!

The imitation in the next passage is a little more obscure, being derived from two authors. It is found in the poem called the Five Bards, given by Macpherson as a composition of later date than Ossian:—"The wind is up; the shower descends; the spirit of the mountains shrieks; windows flap; the growing river roars; the traveller attempts the ford. Hark, that shriek! he dies!" In the lines that follow, from Blair's Grave, and Home's Douglas, respectively, almost every image in the preceding picture occurs:—
The wind is up, hark how it howls!—methinks
Till now I never heard a sound more dreary:
Doors creak and windows clap—&c.—Grave.
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the waters shrieked.—Douglas.

As an indubitable example of one of those slips of the memory, by which poets, who often can over lines and images in their minds long before they record them, lose the distinction through time between their own thoughts and those of others, we present the following line of Pope, in his *Eloisa*:
Ye grots and caverns shaggy with horrid thorn.

"Caverns shaggy'd with horrid thorn" is a striking expression, and occurs in Milton, with the single va-

riation of "shades" for "thorn," which adds immensely to the poetry of the line. Though we regard this as an inadvertent copying on the part of Twickenham, another line of the same piece, the *Eloisa*,

I have not yet forgot myself to stone,
is probably a direct imitation of Milton's

Forget thyself to marble.

In the tragedy of *Mariamne*, by Fenton, a contemporary of Pope, nearly the same idea occurs:

While she stood,
Transformed from grief to marble, and appeared
Her own pale monument.

But, in truth, the idea of a conversion into stone is an image of old Greece in its palmy days, a lady of that country, Niobe by name, being metamorphosed by the gods, or having wept herself, according to other fabulists, into solid rock. Ben Jonson had used this same image before Fenton, and from him the latter writer probably derived it. In his epitaph upon the Countess of Pembroke, Jonson says,

Marble piles let no man raise
To her fame, for after days
Some kind woman, born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn statue, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.

Ben, who was a profound scholar, took this idea in all probability from the Latin poet Cyprian, who has a passage which we thus (freely) translate:

She stood, a tomb,
A monumental image of herself,
A statue sculptured out of lifeless flesh.

After all, it would not in the least surprise us if Pope, Fenton, Milton, and Jonson, were all equally entitled to the merit of original conception. Milton, at least, most probably is.

On the principle that those possessed of splendid and undeniable merit can best afford to have any little similarity to their predecessors pointed out, we venture to notice a line in Shakespeare:

We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

Now, whether or not Shakespeare could read Latin authors in the original, we shall not pretend to determine; yet true it is, that Horace said the same thing, or nearly the same, before him,

Quando ullum invenient parem?

which may be very properly translated, "when shall they look upon his like again?"—and it is possible that Shakespeare may have seen it so rendered in an English version, if he never saw the Latin of Horace.

Let us return to lesser, though still great men. Dryden had such an exuberance of ease and strength in the conceptions of his own mind, as well as in his expression of them, that it might be anticipated, that in him we should find few thoughts moulded upon those of preceding writers. He was not the man to pick out a roughly-finished gem from the stores of others, and polish it up, till it might pass with the world for a jewel entirely his own. His own mine was rich and exhaustless. D'Israeli, a man of unwearied research, mentions only one *supposition* of an imitation on the part of Dryden. This is in the line,

Beyond the year, out of the solar walk,

which has a resemblance to one in Virgil. Dryden, however, has had the honour to be frequently imitated by others. Pope, in this couplet,

Friend of my life! which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song,

evidently had in his recollection the lines in Absalom and Achitophel,

David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.

Gray also appears to be a debtor to "glorious John," in the following lines of "the Bard":

Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.

There are some rather peculiar words in the couplet, and we find these in a sentence in Dryden's play of *Don Sebastian*:

Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
I have a soul, that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.

Passing from Dryden to another poet of his era, Oldham the satirist, we observe, in the writings of the latter, who was a man of note in his time, a striking imitation of an epigram by Andrew Marvell, the patriot and poet. Marvell's verses were written on the attempt of Blood to steal the crown, in the dress of a parson. The thief spared the life of the crown-keeper, which tended to betray his scheme, and gave occasion to the epigram:

With the priest's vestment, had he but put on
The prelate's cruelty—the crown had gone.

Oldham, in his satires on the Jesuits, gives a version of the same idea, referring to Cain, who, had he been of this priestly fraternity (insinuates the satirist) would not have been content with the murder of one person:

Had he been Jesuit, had he but put on
Their savage cruelty, the rest had gone.

We have had hitherto nothing to point out, in the way of imitation or coincidence, in the works of the author of the Seasons. In one passage in *Palemon* and *Lavinia*, the lover addresses his mistress in these words:

O let me now into a richer soil
Transplant thee safe, where vernal suns and showers
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
And of my garden be the pride and joy!"

The same image occurs in Otway's *Monimia*, and the entire passage in that play has been termed the most beautiful simile in the English language:

You took her up a little tender flower,
—and with a careful loving hand
Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the sun always shines.

An expression in Sterne's touching description of a captive in his dungeon, is derived from the version of the Psalms in the English Prayer-Book. "I saw the iron enter into his soul" is the phrase to which we allude. In Psalm cv. 18, we find these words:—"Whose feet they hurt in the stocks; the iron entered into his soul."

GLENDALE,

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

In the summer of 1819, while on a strolling excursion through Perthshire, I chanced one day to ramble to the top of a considerable eminence, from which I beheld one of the most charming scenes that had ever met my eye in the course of my wanderings. Directly before me lay a small vale, or rather a portion of a vale, finely cultivated, and plentifully besprinkled with trees. A large mountain stream winded along the centre of the dale; and from the vantage ground I occupied, its waters were visible here and there, glistening in the sun. The day was remarkably fine, and accordingly the scene presented every sight and sound of busy rural life, appropriate to the season. The object, however, which attracted my attention most particularly, was a mansion-house, in which, as I concluded, the proprietor of the vale resided. Chance had led me to the very spot from which I could view this seat most favourably. An avenue of fine old trees ran exactly parallel with the line of vision, and disclosed at its farther end an irregular house, of no great size, and evidently of ancient architecture, but contrasting most pleasingly with the green earth and dark foliage around. Behind the mansion at some distance rose the height which formed part of the opposite boundary of the vale; and this being covered with thick pine-wood, heightened greatly the fine effect of the antique walls. Every point of this prospect seemed to my eye perfect, and all was distinctly visible, as the vale could not be much more than a mile in breadth.

Pleasure being then my only business, I resolved to walk down from the heathy ridge, and examine more closely, if practicable, the beauties of this Arcadian spot. Seeing a small porter's-lodge-looking tenement near the foot of the avenue, I made my way towards it; and being unchallenged in my conversion of parks into paths, I soon reached it. A porter's lodge it turned out to be, and my knock at the gate brought out a tidy young matron, who, in answer to my question, told me the name of the mansion and of its proprietor. The reader, for certain reasons, must permit me to call the former Glendale, and its master Mr Grant. After an apparently satisfactory glance at my attire, the portress further informed me, to my great gratification, that Mr Grant permitted any gentleman to view his pleasure-grounds and dwelling. Thus licensed, I entered immediately, and commenced a leisurely walk up the fine old-fashioned avenue.

It is unnecessary to detail to the reader how many natural beauties, and tasteful supplements of art, I observed on closer inspection of Glendale. Suffice it to say, that in this instance distance had lent no false enchantment to the scene. Pleased with all I saw, I was about to depart by the road I came, when near the head of the avenue I was met by a gentleman and lady, with a little girl of three or four years old walking between them. They passed me very closely, and gave me an opportunity of observing fully their appearance, as far, at least, as decorum would permit. The gentleman had a manly, handsome figure, and seemed about forty years of age. But the lady cannot be described in such tame language. She was strikingly beautiful in face, and in person faultlessly elegant. That grace which perfect symmetry only can impart, and which is discernible at a glance, betrayed itself in every movement of her form. Even without the countenance of the pretty little child to act as an index, I should have surmised at once that the parties were husband and wife. They had scarcely passed me when another pair came into view, a gentleman and lady also. They were walking arm-and-arm, and in close converse. As they approached, I observed in the lady a most remarkable resemblance to the one who had already passed me. The second was indeed a little younger, and less matured in form, but in other respects was an exact counterpart of the first, possessing the same beauty of features and elegance of person.

What I have taken so much time to describe, I was not a moment in gathering. But rapidly as these personages flitted before my eyes, they did not soon depart from my mind. The beautiful

countenances of the two ladies—sisters evidently—haunted my mind's eye; and being somewhat given to romantic, or, as my friends are occasionally rude enough to term them, absurd speculations, I was occupied all the way back to the village inn, with fancies respecting the situations of the parties I had seen. The first pair, I had determined, were Mr Grant of Glendale and his lady, and the other pair were most certainly lovers. For what reason had they lingered behind but to enjoy their sweet love-converse? The thing was plain and undeniable.

At the inn, to which I got back about the hour of dinner, I found that a respectable member of the commercial body, a traveller from Leeds, was to be the companion of my meal. Down we sat to table, the traveller's mind too much engrossed with the important business of the moment, and mine ruminating too deeply on the Arcady of my thoughts, Glendale, to talk any more than was necessary to each other. The great matter, however, was at last got over, and speech became almost indispensable. The reader, knowing the peculiar direction of my thoughts, may easily guess how much I was surprised with the turn our conversation took at the very first. I asked the traveller listlessly, and scarcely, indeed, heeding what I uttered, "If he had ever seen Glendale?" "No, sir," was his reply; "I have never seen Mr Grant's property; but I know some curious matters regarding him and his family." "Indeed!" exclaimed I, in astonishment. "You are amazed," said my companion, with a smile, "at the idea that a Leeds traveller should know any thing of a Perthshire gentleman's affairs. But that is easily explained. You shall hear, if you please, a story, and a romantic one too, about Glendale and its inhabitants." It is impossible to tell how interesting a person the traveller became in my eyes by these words. A story! and that a romantic one, about the paragon I had seen! The thought was delightful.

"Several years ago," said my communicative acquaintance, "there resided in a small town to the west of Glasgow, a worthy man of the name of Penman. He was in business as a cloth-merchant, and by prudence and industry had earned a high character, and maintained his family in comfort. Two daughters and their mother constituted Mr Penman's little household. One of the merchant's greatest anxieties was to educate his daughters well; and as far as common and elementary instruction was concerned, this he was easily enabled to effect. But those higher intellectual accomplishments, which mark the refined portion of the sex, it was above his means to procure for them. Under these circumstances, when his eldest girl reached the age of seventeen, he resolved to take advantage of an invitation that had been frequently made to him from his two maiden sisters, who wished one of his daughters to come and reside with them. These ladies kept a highly respectable boarding-school in Perth, and it was only because the affectionate parents could not bear to send their children so great a distance away, that the opportunity had not been made use of before. Now, however, Mr and Mrs Penman saw that they should neglect their duty, did they not take advantage of the offers of their relations. Every thing was prepared for the departure of the eldest girl, Mary; and after taking farewell of her parents, she entered the stage-coach for Glasgow, whence she was to proceed immediately to Perth.

On reaching Glasgow, where she had frequently been before, Miss Penman took the opportunity of the hour that intervened before the departure of the Perth stage, to make some purchases. While passing along the street, she became the unconscious object of observation to a young gentleman, walking in the same direction. Mary was both beautiful and handsome, more so, the gentleman thought, than any woman he had ever before seen. He followed her footsteps on the street; and when she entered a shop for the purpose we have mentioned, he walked into it also, and, as an excuse, made purchase of a pair of gloves. He had thus the gratification of standing for a moment by Miss Penman's side; but before he had received his change from the shopman, she had concluded her bargain and left the place. On issuing to the street, all the anxious glances which the gentleman sent in every direction, in search of the form and face which had fascinated him so much, were in vain. The place was the Trongate, and Miss Penman had stepped into the Perth coach, which was standing, ready to start, only a few paces from the shop she had entered. So that, whilst her admirer of the moment was parading the street fruitlessly, she was whirled rapidly on her way to a distant city.

Two years passed away, and the gentleman, among many beauties who fell under his observation, never saw one who was able to drive from his memory the image of the fair unknown. Her he had looked for in all societies, in all the haunts of the fair and gay, to no purpose. At the expiry of these two years, he chanced again to be in Glasgow; and in passing one day along the streets, he again saw, to his great delight, the features and the form which had formerly impressed his mind so deeply. Determined not to lose sight of the lady as he had done before, he followed closely in her footsteps, and saw her direct her course once more towards the Trongate. No shop, however, was entered on this occasion. The lady, passing up before her admirer's eyes to the coach-stand, entered the Perth coach, which was preparing to start, and in a few minutes was driven, with her chance companions, out of sight.

"So!" cried the gentleman to himself, "here is some clue! But how uncertain a one! since I know neither name nor any thing else about this apparition which has a second time dazzled me!" It chanced, however, that the gentleman belonged himself to Perthshire; and therefore, as soon as he could conclude his business in Glasgow, he posted home, in the hope that, by diligent personal search in the old city of St Johnston, he might fall in with his nameless mistress. This gentleman was no other than Mr Grant of Glendale, whose property you have mentioned to-day.

Every day for many weeks, after returning to Glendale, did Mr Grant ride into Perth, and, on horseback or on foot, wander up and down the streets. The second glimpse of the young lady had revived the original impression with increased force. All was in vain for a time; his eye never lighted on the face it sought. At last, while standing, on one of these visits, in a bookseller's shop, the individual he was in quest of came in, and inquired for a book. Mr Grant's heart beat quickly while the object of his admiration stood beside him; and the instant she left the place, he inquired of the bookseller if he knew her. The reply was, "Perfectly well. She is the niece of two respectable ladies, who conduct a boarding-school close at hand." "Are you upon visiting terms with these ladies?" asked Mr Grant, almost incapable of concealing his agitation. "I am, sir," replied the bookseller; "they visit my family frequently." "I am most anxious," said Mr Grant, "to meet these ladies. Would you oblige me by inviting them on an early day, and including me in the party?" The bookseller, proud of such an honour from a man of Mr Grant's station, assented readily, and fixed the party for the following day.

It is a curious circumstance, that the young lady whom Mr Grant thus tracked out, and identified in his own mind with the lady he had seen in Glasgow two years before, was really not the same person—not Mary Penman. She was Miss Penman's sister, however, and bore a striking resemblance to her. Mr Grant, on seeing them together at the bookseller's party, discovered his mistake at once; and, though grateful for the similarity which had been so strangely serviceable to him, he almost wondered how any form or face could supply the place in his eye of that which had first charmed him. Throughout the evening he attached himself closely to Mary, and was delighted to find her mind in every respect equal to her personal advantages.

It is unnecessary now to linger over the story. A short time after this meeting, the aunts of Miss Penman received Mr Grant with pleasure as their niece's avowed suitor, his character being as honourable and excellent as his circumstances were above their highest expectations. The consent of the parents was in such a case easily obtained, and Mr Grant and Miss Penman were married within a few months after their meeting in Perth.

The marriage," said the traveller to me, in conclusion, "has been, I understand, an exceedingly happy one. Many a time have I heard these circumstances which I have now related, from old Mr Penman, whom I always call upon, though he has now retired from the business which first led to our acquaintance." "And the second daughter, sir, what has become of her?" "She now resides with her sister, and, it is said, about to be married to a younger brother of Mr Grant, an officer in the army." So, reader, after all, my speculations were neither romantic nor absurd; that is to say, not absurd at all, and not too romantic to be natural or true. In fact, it turns out that there is much more romance about Glendale than I had imagined. The true sometimes goes beyond the fanciful, and is often the most untrue in appearance, as must be well known to many, even from their own experience of the affairs of daily life.

THE BLACKSMITH'S BOTTLE.

A BLACKSMITH, in extensive business, had a bottle that held exactly a pint, and in the large village where he resided, it was soon known in its various trips to the stores as an exact gauge for that quantity, and on its appearance for replenishing, was filled without recourse to the measure. This bottle became celebrated. Eighteen years it performed the drudgery of being the medium of conveying the ruinous beverage to the owner and his workmen. During this long course of service, the shop in which it was so conspicuous an appendage, was three several times consumed by fire, but each time the bottle was found among the ruins uninjured. Phoenix-like it rose, and was taken again into active service. It was kept in motion like a weaver's shuttle; and such zealous devotees, at the bacchanalian altar, were its possessors, that it has been known to convey FOURTEEN SHILLINGS worth of the poison in a SINGLE DAY to the occupants of the shop. The bottle has survived its owner, who has recently passed into the grave at the age of sixty, a veteran toper; although he originally possessed a constitution, that, under different habits, promised to carry him to the period attained by many a temperate pilgrim, that of eighty years or more; and instead of competence to his survivors, has left the little bottle, emptied of its contents, as their only legacy. This veteran bottle has been the medium of conveying more wealth from its owner and his workmen, than would have sufficed to purchase the most extensive and valuable farm the country can boast of. As well might the occupants of the shop have heaped up coals on their forge, and put their utmost exertions in exercise

upon their bellows to put out the fire, as to undertake to quench alcoholic thirst with ardent spirits. The more frequent the recurrence to the little bottle for supplies, the more powerful is the desire to embrace it again and again; and the more frequent the embrace, the greater and more certain the necessity of return.

Are there not many more little bottles that are conveying the wealth, by daily, small, certain, and sure steps, out of the possession of the owners, and pouring into their systems a tide of ruin which will never cease to flow, and which will finally overwhelm them in a destruction that has eternity for its duration?

[The above is from the *Irish Temperance and Literary Gazette*, a cheap newspaper, recently established in Dublin for the promotion of temperance among all classes of the people. Publications of this description, in general, commit the serious error of attacking the practice of drinking spirituous fluids too broadly and coarsely—we should almost say, ill-naturedly. This does no good. Drunkards are a species of lunatics—their craving for liquor is a kind of mental derangement; they should therefore be treated precisely as madmen; gently, and with a humane consideration of their infirmities. We hope this useful miscellany will not fall into the same blunder.]

THE FUR TRADE.

Our readers are most probably aware, that the furs with which the British and European markets are supplied, are chiefly brought from North America. When Canada was a province of France, the colonists of that nation carried on an extensive and lucrative fur trade, and the British, eager to participate in so advantageous a traffic, established, so early as the year 1670, a company, termed the Hudson's Bay Company, which exists under the same name till the present day, and has always possessed a large share of the traffic. Numerous other companies have sprung up from time to time with the same views; of which the North-West, the North American, and the Columbian Companies, have been the most important and successful. In all these establishments, the natives of America are the principal collectors of the furs, which they barter for arms, and such other commodities as civilised nations can alone manufacture.

It would be useless to enter into the particular history of these several companies. Only two, indeed, properly speaking, now exist; the Hudson's Bay Company having been of late years incorporated with the North-West one. The shareholders of this establishment are almost all of them British merchants, resident in London. With respect to the other companies, the North American was composed of a body of New York merchants, and the Columbian likewise was supported by the inhabitants of the United States. The latter of these companies confined its operations to the Mississippi and St Peter's River, while the American company held possession of the trade on the Upper Mississippi, Missouri, and the great lakes. After existing separately for many years, these establishments were united, and still continue so. The Hudson's Bay Company, again, as its name implies, trades in the more northern regions of the new world, occupying with its numerous branches and stations, the whole range of country between the lakes and the arctic sea. Private adventurers, and smaller firms, are to be found, besides, engaged in many quarters in the fur trade, but it can only be carried on efficiently by an enlarged combination both of men and capital. It is from this cause, rather than from privileges and charters, that the large companies have always enjoyed a monopoly, which smaller associations, rising now and then, could never disturb.

Lord Selkirk and Sir Alexander Mackenzie have both left full descriptions, from personal observation, of the manner in which the details of fur-dealing are conducted; and though some time has elapsed since these accounts were written, the plan of operations continues unchanged till the present hour. During Sir Alexander's connection with the trade in Canada, the North-West Company were in the habit of penetrating to the great distance of four thousand miles to the westward of Montreal. In the service of the establishment were fifty clerks, seventy-one interpreters, and one thousand one hundred and twenty canoe men. A great number of these individuals were Indians, or half-breeds, and their wives and children, who generally accompany the expeditions, amounted to about seven hundred persons. This great body of people embarked every spring, in different divisions, in slight canoes of bark, upon rivers newly freed from the ice, and coursed along them, encountering at every step difficulties and dangers, from rocks, rapids, and other natural obstacles. The slender boats were always heavily laden with provisions for the party, and goods of various kinds, particularly arms and clothing, to exchange for the furs. On reaching Lake Superior, where the company had their chief winter stations, the expedition met parties who had spent the winter there, engaged in collecting the furs, and two months were spent in the settlement of debts and other affairs. The furs were then packed in August, and embarked in a portion of the canoes for Montreal: while the remainder proceeded, with the articles necessary for the traffic, to different posts in the Indian country, there to remain in log-huts for the winter, and collect a fresh stock of skins. Sir Alexander Mackenzie spent many years of his life in this employment, and made those discoveries respecting the geography of the regions to the north-west of the lakes, which revived the prospect of a north-west passage.

The annual quantity of skins collected by the North-

West Fur Company, during Sir Alexander's connection with it, is stated by him as follows:—Skins of the beaver, 106,000; the bear, 2100; the fox, 5500; the otter, 4600; the muskrat, 17,000; the marten, 32,000; the mink, 1800; the lynx, 6000; the wolverine, 600; the fisher, 1650; the racoon, 100; the wolf, 3800; the elk, 700; the deer, 1950. All these skins are brought to Britain, before being sent, either in a dressed or undressed condition, to the continental market. The purposes to which the different kinds of skins are put are exceedingly various, only a few of them being actually used as furs in clothing. Beaver-skins, for example, are in this country devoted now-a-days almost entirely to the manufacture of hats. One portion, besides, of an animal's fur, is applied to purposes which the remainder is inapplicable to; and hence, in order to distinguish these different parts of the same animal's skin, new names are often bestowed on them. Thus the furs best known and most valued in this country, are ermine, lynx, sable, fitch, American squirrel, chinchella, and silver bear, some of which are derived from animals mentioned in Sir Alexander Mackenzie's list, while others are from animals which do not appear to have been then in use in the trade. Of all these furs, ermine is the finest, and one of the most expensive. A skin, purely white in the body, and black at the end of the tail, is considered as of the best quality. Many attempts, of course, are made to imitate ermine, by dyeing inferior skins. Fitch, sable, and lynx, are the most durable of furs, and bear a high value. The squirrel and chinchella furs are exceedingly elegant, but do not last very long. They are of a greyish tint. Fine bear-skins are of great value in the fur trade, and are manufactured into articles of much beauty as well as durability. It ought to be mentioned, that the fur companies trade extensively in buffalo-skins, though no furs are derived from any animal of that class. An immense number of animals of other kinds are also frequently killed in the arctic regions, the bodies of which serve as food to the hunting parties. A party of eighty men killed and consumed, in one winter, ninety thousand white partridges, and twenty-five thousand hares. The fiths and shores of Hudson's Bay are stocked with the grampus, seal, narwal, sea-horse, and other creatures, of which many hundreds are killed annually, and their skins, particularly those of the seal tribe, added to the general store.

We may state here the account given by Mackenzie of the time occupied in the fur trade, before the necessary exchanges are completed, and the skins brought to London. Though the years alluded to are in the last century, the system pursued at present is, as we have already mentioned, in every respect the same:—

The orders for goods are sent to Britain, 25th October 1796.—The goods arrive in Montreal, June 1797.—They are made up in the course of the summer and winter, and are sent from Montreal, May 1798, to the Indian country, and are exchanged for furs which come to Montreal, September 1798.—The furs are then packed and shipped for London, where they arrive in May or June 1799.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that, as this system goes on continually, there is an annual supply of furs in the British market.

Our readers, perhaps, may be anxious to know something more respecting the consequences of this trade to the natives, or Indians, as they are termed, of the northern regions of America. They are the principal hunters of the animals whose skins are used, though those servants of the fur companies, who spend the winter in remote log-stations, are continually engaged likewise in this pursuit. Next to guns, hatchets, knives, powder, and other hunting implements, the articles coveted by the Indians are coarse blue and red cloth, and fine scarlet, coarse cottons, hoes, beads, vermilion, ribbons, kettles, &c. The course of a private trader to the North-West is thus given in the American Encyclopedia (Article Fur Trade), and we fear that the remarks made regarding the effects of the intercourse on the natives are but too true:—"The trader starts from Michillimackinac, or St Louis, late in the summer, with a Mackinac boat, laden with goods. He takes with him an interpreter, commonly a half-breed, and four or five engagées (boatmen or servants). On his arrival at his wintering ground, his men build a store for the goods, an apartment for him, and another for themselves. These buildings are of rough logs, plastered with mud, and roofed with ash or linden slabs. The chimneys are of clay; and though these habitations are rude in appearance, there is much comfort in them. This done, the trader gives a great portion of his merchandise to the Indians on credit. These credits are from twenty to two hundred dollars in amount, according to the reputation of the applicant as a hunter. It is expected that the debtor will pay in the following spring, though, as many neglect this part of the business, the trader is compelled to rate his goods very high. Thus the honest pay for the dishonest. The skins are dried with care, being occasionally exposed to the sun, and rubbed with salt and alum, to keep the hair attached. This is partly done by the natives, and partly by the purchasers. Ardent spirits were never much used among the remote tribes. It is on the frontier, and in the immediate vicinity of the white settlers, that the Indians get enough to do them physical injury, though in the interior the traders, in the heat of opposition, employ strong liquors to induce the savages to commit outrage, or to defraud their

creditors. By this means the moral principle of the aborigines is overcome, and often eradicated. Spirit is commonly introduced into their country in the form of high wines, they being less bulky, and easier of transportation, than liquors of lower proof. Indians, after having once tasted, become extravagantly fond of them, and will make any sacrifice, or commit any crime, to obtain them. An interpreter is necessary to a fur trader, whether he speaks the language of the tribe with which he deals, or not. It is the duty of an interpreter to take charge of the house, and carry on the business in the absence of the principal. He also visits the camps, and watches the debtors. In the prairie regions, dog-sledges are used for the transportation of skins and goods in winter. The sledge is merely a flat board turned up in front like the runner of a sleigh. The dogs are harnessed and driven tandem, and their strength and powers of endurance are very great."

The same writer goes on to remark, "The fur trade demoralises all engaged in it. The way in which it operates on the Indians has been already partially explained. As to the traders, they are, generally, ignorant men, in whose breasts interest overcomes religion and morals. As they are beyond the reach of the law (at least in the remote regions), they disregard it, and often commit or instigate actions which they would blush to avow in civilised society. In consequence of the fur trade, the buffalo has receded hundreds of miles beyond his former haunts. Formerly an Indian killed a buffalo, made garments of the skin, and fed on the flesh. Now he finds that a blanket is lighter and more convenient than a buffalo robe, and kills two or three animals with whose skins he may purchase it. To procure a gun, he must kill ten. The same causes operate to destroy the other animals. Some few tribes hunt on the different parts of their grounds alternately, and so preserve the game, but by far the greater part of the aborigines have no such regulations."

Regarding the evils of competition in the fur trade, Lord Selkirk relates many circumstances strongly corroborative of the observations just quoted. When the North-West Company was threatened with the competition of a new establishment, the murder of a gentleman belonging to the latter was actually traced to the instigation of the European or white servants of the old firm. Competition, however, has now in a great measure ceased, and it is to be hoped that the evils referable to it have died with it. The American Company and the Hudson's Bay Company have the trade now in a great measure to themselves, and their business lies in quarters so far asunder, that their rivalry can produce no mischief.

The animals which supply the furs used in the civilised world, are certainly becoming every year more scarce. The plan followed by some of the native tribes of hunting in different grounds every season, is the only one, if it could be followed, capable of preserving a supply. Private trading would be a great obstacle to this, were there no other.

THE EDUCATION OF A GENTLEMAN.

THE undue preference long given to Greek and Roman literature in education, is rapidly declining, and in this we recognise the indisputable progress of reason. From time to time, however, attempts are made by the patrons of these studies to maintain their importance; and among the numerous fallacies by which they are defended, one of the latest has been the argument that Greek and Roman literature constitutes the true education of a gentleman. It is said that the ancient classics not only improve the memory, expand the intellect, and sharpen the judgment, but that they communicate to the mind that nameless grace—that sympathy with all that is delicate and exalted—that high-toned dignity and vigour, which must be acquired by all those individuals of humble parentage, who, by the exercise of their talents and their virtues, aspire to obtain an exalted station. Seminaries for Greek and Latin, therefore, it is said, ought to be supported as the places in which embryo gentlemen may meet and associate with embryo gentlemen, while their minds are yet delicate and their manners uncontaminated, that they may preserve their quality pure. They ought to be maintained also, it is added, by parents in the middle ranks, whose breasts are fired by a laudable ambition of promoting the rise of their children in the world; because in such schools only can they obtain access to those examples of noble bearing, and realise that refinement, tact, and mental delicacy, which they must possess before they can reach the summit of social honour.

This argument is a grand appeal to the vanity and the ignorance of those to whom it is addressed. We yield to no class of educationists in our estimate of the value of acuteness and vigour of mind, combined with taste, delicacy, and refinement of manners; but we differ widely from the patrons of ancient literature in our estimate of the best means of imbuing the youthful mind with these qualities. We regard the qualities themselves as the results of two causes—First, the decided ascendancy of the moral feelings over the lower passions of our nature; and, secondly, the vigorous activity of a well-trained and truly enlightened intellect.

The basis of all real refinement lies in pure and generous affections, just and upright sentiments; with

a lively sensibility to the intrinsic excellence of beauty and grace, both physical and mental, wherever these exist. Now, we humbly, yet confidently, maintain, that the pages of classic literature are not those in which these dispositions are presented in their strongest colours and most inviting forms to youthful minds, or in a way calculated to engage their sympathies, captivate their imaginations, or subdue their understandings in their favour. On the contrary, many ancient works are remarkable for the indelicacy of their subjects—veiled only occasionally by brilliancy of fancy and playfulness of wit, and thereby rendered more deleterious and seductive to the youthful mind; for the base selfishness of their heroes; for the profligacy of their men of rank and fashion; for an utter contempt of the people; and, although among their philosophers and sages, some truly great men are to be found, yet their writings do not constitute the burden of classical literature taught in schools; nor are their manners in any respect patterns which could be followed with advantage by young men of modern times. In Greek and Roman literature there is an almost entire destitution of interest in mankind as a progressive race; the idea seems never to have entered the imaginations of ancient authors, that the day could ever come when slavery should cease—when the common people should be enlightened and refined—and when social institutions should be arranged not for the advantage of a patrician class, but to promote the general enjoyment of all. In short, scarcely one of the more important practical principles of Christianity, enlightened policy, or true philanthropy, is to be discovered in their pages.

No system of education which rests on such a basis, can impart true refinement to the youthful mind. It affords no adequate stimulus for the purest and noblest sentiments. It thus trains men up to contempt and stigmatises the immense majority of their fellow-men, and to brand them with one single comprehensive epithet of dislike, embodying so completely every form of offensiveness, as to leave room for neither discrimination nor exception in its application to the people—the word "vulgarity." "Odi profanum vulgus et arceo"—I hate the profane vulgar, and drive them away—is a maxim too easily imbibed from the classic page.

We have not space at present in our columns to enter on the question of the effects of classical literature on the intellectual faculties. Suffice it to say, that we are far from depreciating the value of the study of Greek and Latin. As a mental exercise, it ranks, in our estimation, along with painting, music, poetry, and sculpture. It is one of the fine arts, and is calculated, when pursued as such, to elevate, improve, and benefit the taste and intellect: but as we would not make the fine arts the staple of education for legislators, and citizens of the world, neither would we make Greek and Latin the grand objects to which the years of training of our children should be chiefly devoted.—*Scotsman*.

OLD MERCANTILE HOUSES.

MERCANTILE firms are sometimes as long-lived as landed families. Longman and Company, the London booksellers, have trade catalogues of their house, dated as far back as 1704. In 1730, the Longman of that day was so important in the trade, as to be one of the publishers of the folio Universal History. In the present firm, there are a father and son of this name, the lineal descendants of the founder of the house. Rivington and Company, so distinguished for their publications connected with the church, are said to be of the seventeenth century. In Edinburgh, a family of Norries has been concerned in the business of house-painting since the beginning of the last century. In the Scots Courant for July 27, 1711, there occurs the following advertisement:—"That all sorts of the finest arras hanging, representing forestry, history, hunting, fields, &c. done upon canvass, which looks as well as any true arras, and better than any mock arras whatsoever, that comes from London or elsewhere, are painted and sold at as easy a rate as any in North Britain, by James Norrie and Rederick Chalmers, about the middle of Dickson's Close, opposite the Bishop's Land, where all sorts of house-paintings are likewise performed by them." The James Norrie here mentioned practised landscape painting, and a number of his performances in that line still exist on panels above mantel-pieces and doors, within the houses in the Old Town of Edinburgh, having been executed by him, as tradition avers, by way of compliment to those who had employed him to do the common work of his trade upon the walls. Runciman, the distinguished artist, was apprenticed to this or a later member of their family. Robert Norrie and Son still form a copartnership in the practice of house-painting in the Scottish capital. The business now carried on under the firm of Eagle and Henderson, seed-merchants in Edinburgh, is upwards of a century old, during which time it has always been conducted in one place. It was originated by Mr Archibald Eagle, who died at an advanced age many years ago. In the Caledonian Mercury for February 7, 1746, occurs the following advertisement:—"Archibald Eagle, merchant in Smith's Land, opposite Blackfriars' Wynd, and seedman to the Honourable Society for improving Agriculture, has just now brought from the best places abroad, a curious collection of new and fresh garden and grass-seeds, together with a variety of flower-seeds, and several kinds of tree-seeds, especially

the beech-mast, that's highly esteemed for its value: so that all who have given commissions for such seeds, may immediately call for them; and all others that want, may be furnished to their satisfaction, at as cheap and low rates as any where else in town; likewise may be had every sort of gardeners' utensils, as also the finest Durham and Isle of May mustard, new Kentish hops, lintseed, and all manner of falcon-graith, &c." In an upper floor of the large building in which Mr Eagle carried on business, the Honourable Misses Murray, daughters of Lord Stormont, and sisters to the Earl of Mansfield, had taken up their abode. A young female friend of theirs from Perthshire, coming to visit them, chanced to enter Mr Eagle's shop, to inquire the way up stairs; and having thus afforded him an opportunity of performing towards her a common act of civility, an acquaintance took place betwixt them, which, notwithstanding some family pride on her side, was in time ripened into a matrimonial union. As his widow, this lady carried on the business for many years, till it fell under the active management of the late Mr Alexander Henderson, Lord Provost of the city in 1825, whose sons are now in possession of it. In Edinburgh there must be many instances of long-descended business, with which the present writer is not acquainted. The extensive upholstery business carried on by the heirs of the late Mr William Trotter, dates from an early period of the last century; and the bank of Sir William Forbes and Company was established by the father of the late Mr Coutts, upwards of a century ago.

JOURNAL OF PROCEEDINGS ON THE FIRST OF

SEPTEMBER, BY JONATHAN DUGGINS, ESQ.

[From the Comic Almanack for 1837.]

"Up at six.—Told Mrs D. I'd got very pressing business at Woolwich, and off to Old Fish Street, where a wry sporting breed, consisting of jugged hare, partridge pie, tallyho-sauce, gunpowder tea, and caters, was laid out in Figgins's warehouse; as he didn't choose Mrs F. and his young hinfant family to know he was a-goin to hexpose himself with fire-horns.—After a good blow-out, sallied forth with our dogs and guns, namely, Mrs Wiggins's French poodle, Miss Sellina Higgins's real Blenheim spaniel, young Hicks's ditto, Mrs Figgins's pet bull-dog, and my little thoroughbred barrier; all which had been smuggled to Figgins's warehouse the night before, to prevent domestic disagreeables.—Got into a Puddington bus at the bank.—Went with tiger, who objected to take the dogs, unless paid hext.—Hicks said we'd a rights to take 'em, and quoted the hext.—Tiger said the hext only allowed parcels carried on the lap.—Accordingly tied up the dogs in our pocket-handkerchiefs, and carried them and the guns on our knees.—Got down at Puddington; and, after glasses round, walked on till we got into the fields, to a place vich Higgins had baited with oorn and penny rolls every day for a month past. Found a covey of birds feeding. Dogs wery eager, and barked beautiful. Birds got up, and turned out to be pigeons. Debate as to vether pigeons vos game or not. Hicks said they vos made game on by the new hext. Fired accordingly, and half killed two or three, vich half fell to the ground; but suddenly got up again and flew off. Reloaded, and pigeons came round again. Let fly a second time, and tumbled two or three more over, but didn't bag any. Tired at last, and turned in to the *Dog and Partridge* to get a snack. Landlord laughed, and asked how we vos hoff for tumblers. Didn't understand him, but got some valuable information about loading our guns; vich he strongly recommended mixing the powder and shot well up together before putting into the barrel; and showed Figgins how to charge his percussion; vich, being Figgins's first attempt under the new system, he had made the mistake of putting a charge of copper caps into the barrel instead of sticking one of 'em atop of the touch-hole.—Left the *Dog and Partridge*, and took a north-easterly direction, so as to have the advantage of the wind on our backs. Dogs getting wery riotous, and refusing to answer to Figgins's whistle, vich had unfortunately got a pea in it.—Getting over an edge into a field, Hicks's gun accidentally exploded, and shot Wiggins behind; and my gun going off humcepointed at the same moment, singed away von of my viskers and blinded von of my heyes.—Carried Wiggins back to the inn: dressed his wound, and rubbed my heyo vith cherry brandy, and my visker vith bear's grease.—Sent poor W. home by a short stage, and resumed our sport.—Heard some pheasants crowing by the side of a plantation. Resolved to stop their cocking-doing, so set off at a jog trot. Passing thro' a field of bone manure, the dogs unfortunately set to work upon the bones, and we couldn't get 'em to go a step farther at no price. Got vithin gun-shot of two of the birds, vich Higgins said they vos two game cocks; but Hicks, who had often been to Westminster Pit, said no stich thing; as game cocks had got short square tails, and smooth necks, and long military spurs; and these had got long curly tails, and necks all over hair, and scarce any spurs at all. Shot at 'em as pheasants, and believe ve killed 'em both; but, hearing some orrid screams come out of the plantation immediately huffer, ve all took to our heels and ran away vithout stopping to pick either of 'em up.—After running about two miles, Hicks called out to stop, as he had observed a covey of wild ducks feeding on a pond by the road-side. Got behind a haystack and shot at the ducks, vich svam away under the trees. Figgins volunteered to scramble down the bank, and hook out the dead uns vith the but-hend of his gun. Unfortunately bank failed, and poor F. tumbled up to his neck in the pit. Made a rope of our pocket handkerchiefs, got it round his neck, and dragged him to the *Dog and Doublet*, vere ve had him put to bed, and dried. Wery sleepy with the hair and hextise, so after dinner took a nap a place.—Woke by the landlord coming in to know if ve vos the gentlemen as had shot the humfortunate nurse-maid and child in Mr Smithville's plantation. Svo're ve knew nothing about it, and vile the landlord vas gone to deliver our message, got out of the back window, and ran away across the fields. At the end of a mile, came suddenly upon a strange sort of bird, vich Hicks declared to be the cock-of-the-woods. Sneaked behind him and killed him. Turned out to be a peacock. Took to our heels again, as ve saw the lord of the manor and two of his servants vith bladders coming down the gravel path towards us. Found it getting late, so agreed to shoot our way home. Didn't know vere ve vos, but kept going on.—At last got to a sport of plantation, vere ve saw a great many birds perching about. Gave 'em a broadside, and brought down several. Loaded again, and killed another brace. Thought ve should make a good day's work of it at last, and was preparing to charge again, ven two of the new police came and took us up in the name of the Zologorical Society, in whose gardens it seems ve had been shooting. Handed off to the Public Offices, and wery heavily fined, and wery severely reprimanded by the sitting magistrate.—Coming away, met by the landlord of the *Dog and Doublet*, who charged us vith running off vithout paying our shot; and Mr Smithville, who accused us of manslaughtering his nurse-maid and child; and, their wounds not having been declared immortal, ve vos

sent to spend the night in prison—and thus ended my last First of September."

GREAT MEN THE RESULT OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

A great man is a result, find not a cause; he is created, if we may so speak, by the spirit of the age which he embodies and represents. But on this subject we cannot do better than quote the words of Victor Cousin:—"A great man, whatever may be the kind of his greatness, whatever the epoch of the world in which he makes his appearance, comes to represent an idea, such an idea, and not any other idea, at the precise time when that idea is worth representing, and neither before it nor after it; consequently he appears when he ought to appear, and he disappears when nothing is left for him to do: he is born and he dies in due season. When nothing great is to be done, the existence of a great man is impossible. In fact, what is a great man? He is the representative of a power not his own; for all power merely individual is pitiful, and no man yields to another man: he yields only to the representative of a general power. When, therefore, no such general power exists, when it exists no longer; when it falls or falls into decay, what strength can its representative possess? Hence also no human power can cause a great man to be born or die before his hour is come; it cannot be displayed, it can neither be advanced nor put back, for he existed only because he had his work to do, and he exists no more, only because nothing is left for him to do, and to wish to continue his existence would be to wish to continue a part which has been acted to the end and exhausted. A soldier who had seated himself upon a throne was once told: 'Sire, the education of your son should be watched over with great attention; he must be educated so that he may replace you.' 'Replace me?' answered he, 'I could not replace myself; I am the child of circumstances.' The same man was deeply sensible that the power which animated him was not his own; that it was lent him for a specific purpose, and until a certain hour, the approach of which he could neither hasten nor retard. It is said that he was somewhat given to fatalism. You will remark that all great men have been more or less fatalists; the error is in the form, not at the foundation of the thought. They feel that, in fact, they do not exist on their own account; they possess the consciousness of an immense power; and, being unable to ascribe the honour of it to themselves, they refer it to a higher power, which uses them as instruments in accordance with its own ends. Not only are great men given to fatalism, they are also addicted to superstitions peculiar to themselves. Hence also it comes to pass that great men, who in action show decision and an admirable ardour, often hesitate and slumber before they are roused to action; the sentiment of necessity, the evidence of their mission, must strike them forcibly; they seem to feel that until then they should act only as individuals, and that their power is not present with them."—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

PHILOSOPHY FOR THE NURSERY.

The exercise of the hobby-horse is pernicious to health, because, the head of the rider being farthest from the centre of motion, the blood is propelled thither by centrifugal force, and, accumulating, produces dizziness, and tends to apoplexy. The common rocking-cradle is unhealthy from the same cause, for the head of the child, being raised on the pillow, is farther from the centre of motion than the rest of the body, and, therefore, as before, the blood, from the motion of the cradle, will have a tendency upwards. Swings and swinging-craddles are on the contrary favourable to health, because in them the head is nearer to the centre of motion than the other parts of the body, and the blood will consequently have a tendency from it. *Less's Catechism of Natural Philosophy*.—[When science can teach such valuable truths even to nursery-maids, how utterly beyond all endurance appears every kind of opposition which can be made to its diffusion.]

A RUINED TRADESMAN.

Some years ago, a Mr Smith, a young gentleman holding the office of ensign in a marching regiment, being invited to a ball at Turnham Green, ordered a pair of dancing-pumps from Mr Hoby, of St James's Street. By some accident the pumps were not finished in time, and Ensign Smith was disappointed. The next day, in a furious military passion, he stalked into Hoby's shop, and desired to see Mr Hoby himself. The autocrat of boot-makers condescended to appear. Ensign Smith first eyed him savagely, and, curling his mustache (I beg pardon—he did no such thing, he had none to curl, for in those days it had not been discovered how much courage, virtue, vigour, dignity, and resolution, dwell in a little hair upon the upper lip). Nevertheless, he eyed him most savagely, and thus began:—"Mr Hoby, sir, I desire to know, I wish to understand—tell me, sir, directly, why my pumps were not sent home, or I will withdraw my custom—I will, by heaven, I will." The astonished Hoby said he would inquire, and begged the gentleman to be pacified. "Pacified, sir?" replied the ensign, "I'll be hanged if I do. Bring me my bill, I'll never deal with you any more. I will withdraw my custom this moment—this very moment!" The disconsolate bootmaker withdrew two steps, and called his foreman. "Mr Jones," said he, "close the shutters, shut up the shop, discharge the workmen, and lock the door—I am ruined, ruined irretrievably—Ensign Smith has withdrawn his custom!"—*London newspaper*.

MARRIAGE AMONG THE ROMANS.

The Romans not only rewarded those who married, but decreed penalties against men who remained in a state of celibacy. Fines were first levied upon unmarried men about the year of Rome 330; and when pecuniary forfeitures failed to ensure their obedience to these carnal edicts, their contumacious neglect of the fair sex was punished by degradation from their tribe. Celibacy continued, however, to gain ground in Rome; and, to counteract its effects, we find that, in the year 510 from the foundation of the city, the censors had recourse to the extraordinary measure of obliging all the young unmarried men to pledge themselves on oath to marry within a certain time. In Babylon, an auction of unmarried ladies used to take place annually. The virgins of marriageable ages, in every district, were assembled on a certain day of every year. The most beautiful was first put up, and the man who bade the largest sum of money gained possession of her. The second in personal appearance followed; and the purchasers gratified themselves with handsome wives according to the depth of their purses. When the beautiful virgins were sold, the crier ordered the most deformed to stand up; and after he had openly demanded who would marry her with a small sum, she was at length adjudged to the man who would be satisfied with the least; and in this manner, the money arising from the sale of the handsome women served as a portion to those who were either of disagreeable looks, or that had any other fault or imperfection.

DOMESTIC HABITS OF MILTON.

Milton rose at four in the morning during winter, and at five in the winter. He wore almost invariably a dress of coarse grey cloth, studied till noon, dined frugally, walked with a guide, and in the evening sang, accompanying himself on some instrument. He understood harmony, and had a fine voice. He for a long time addicted himself to the practice of fencing. To judge by Paradise Lost, he must have been passionately fond of music and the perfume of flowers. He supped off five or six olives and a little water, retired to rest at night, and composed at night in bed. When he had made some verses, he sang, and dictated to his wife or daughters. On sunny days he sat on a bench at his door. He lived in Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields.—*Chateaubriand's New Works—Sketches of English Literature*.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

In this number, time and custom bring before us the duty of saying a few words respecting ourselves. All who, from whatever cause, feel any interest in the present work, will be glad to learn that it continues to prosper. The united impressions of London and Edinburgh, for immediate sale, which at the beginning of last year amounted to fifty-eight, have now advanced to sixty-two thousand: including new editions of past numbers, the quantity printed in a year makes about sixty-five thousand weekly. So strong a proof of undiminished vitality is the more pleasing, as the number of works following our plan, with greater or less distinction as to matter, and supported by public or corporate bodies of men, is now very great—much greater than ever it was—so that the claims of this comparatively eldern sheet, depending, as it does, on the exertions of two private individuals, must in many cases have yielded to the superior attractions of its neighbours. That, under such circumstances, our aggregate circulation should have increased, seems to imply that the work is constantly finding its way into new fields of sale.

Thus liberally encouraged by the public, we encounter with cheerfulness the labours of another year, deterred to intermit no exertion, to overlook no expedient, which may appear calculated to sustain the humble reputation, as an amusing and instructive miscellany, which the work seems already to have attained. While advertent to the success of one of the cheap miscellanies, we may be allowed to express our satisfaction that these works, as a class, have survived all the means put in force for their destruction—both the outcry of interested parties against them, on the score of their tending to injure the interests of literature, and the sneers and contumelies of those who conceived, or professed to conceive, that dignity and merit were inseparable from costliness. It is pleasant to find that many of those who at first denounced these modest disseminators of popular science and literature, as tending to do harm amongst the lower orders of the people, are now so far converted from their error, as to be entering upon the same career, with professions of extreme anxiety that the poor should be by such means enlightened. In thus alluding to the establishment of the democracy of three-halfpence beside the respectable middle classes of sixpence and a shilling, and the aristocracy of half-a-crown and six shillings, we may remind our readers, that, besides the literary labours of the Editors, the Journal has, for some time, presented articles from writers whom public approbation has stamped as of the first class, and that a very large proportion of the matter of the work, such as it is, is of original composition. If, indeed, we could allow ourselves to indulge in a feeling of triumph on any point connected with the work, it would be in this—in having led the way to show that the great body of the people, by combining to give sale to a publication meeting their pecuniary circumstances, could secure as much intellectual service as could formerly be obtained only at a price which placed the solacements of literature beyond their reach.

It only remains for us to advert to a series of works, forming parts of a complete Course of Education, physical, moral, and intellectual—theoretical as well as practical—in which we have now been engaged for upwards of twelve months. Our ordinary avocations in conducting the Journal, have permitted us to bring out six separate treatises in the series since last January, making, with the two previously published, eight different works, each applicable to some peculiar department of juvenile instruction. The very rapid sale of several large impressions of each of these volumes, and their introduction into many schools throughout the United Kingdom, are accepted by us as a satisfactory testimony of public approval, and will induce us to proceed, with all the energy we can spare from other pursuits, to carry on the Course to the extent originally contemplated.

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